

# The BROAD AX

HEW TO THE LINE; LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY

Vol. XXII.

CHICAGO, MAY 5, 1917

No. 33

## Death and Funeral of Mrs. Mary Ann Gale Taylor Dixon at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the Aged Mother of the Editor of this paper. She Had Almost Reached the Ninety-Third Mile Stone in Her Journey Through Life. Flying Trip of Julius F. Taylor to That City, Arriving Home Just in Time to Attend the Funeral Services at the First Baptist Church of Steelton, Pa. at 2:30 O'clock, Sunday Afternoon, April 29th

REV. O. P. GOODWIN PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, PREACHED THE FUNERAL SERMON—IN DOING SO HE PAID A GLOWING TRIBUTE TO THE PLAIN, SIMPLE AND USEFUL LIFE WHICH SHE HAD LED FOR SO MANY YEARS.

SHE WAS A MEMBER OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH FOR MORE THAN SEVENTY-ONE YEARS AND FOR OVER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS SHE WAS A DEVOTED MEMBER OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH AT STEELTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

GALILEAN FISHERMEN LODGE No. 78, OF WHICH SHE WAS AN HONORED MEMBER, CONDUCTED THE SERVICES AT THE CHURCH AND AT THE CEMETERY AND ADOPTED RESOLUTIONS LAMENTING HER DEATH.

THE FLORAL TRIBUTES WERE MANY AND BEAUTIFUL—SHE WAS LAID TO REST IN MIDLAND CEMETERY—HER REMAINS WERE INCASED IN A BLACK BROADCLOTH CASKET WITH HEAVY SILVER TRIMMINGS.

MANY WHITE CITIZENS, INCLUDING MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, ATTENDED THE LAST SAD RITES OVER HER REMAINS.

IN A MODEST WAY SHE ALWAYS CONTENTED THAT THE BEST AND THE BRAVEST FIGHTING ANGLO-SAXON BLOOD OF VIRGINIA FLOWED THROUGH THE VEINS OF THE TAYLOR FAMILY.

Shortly after arriving home last Thursday evening and just before everything was ready for us to sit down to dinner, we made up our mind to open and read the six or ten letters which had been delivered since we had left home in the morning and we continued to glance over them as we laid them aside. Finally our eyes fell on a small envelope and on opening it it contained a telegram announcing the death of our aged and dearly beloved mother, Mrs. Mary Ann Gale Taylor Dixon. The sad news was so sudden that it completely overpowered us for a few moments and the remainder of the evening was passed in almost dead silence, for we felt that we had lost our very best friend on earth, who had made it possible in the darkest days of slavery for us in time to become a small factor in some of the affairs of this country; she was ten thousand times more than a true friend, for she was our mother in all that that name implies and there is no way to compare a friend with your own tried and true mother.

On Friday morning we informed our good wife, Mrs. Taylor, that we could never feel happy in this world nor feel contented to leave it unless we could see into her loving face once more, even if her eyes had been forever closed in death, and just as soon as we could find out how the trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Chicago and that city connected up, we sent a telegram to our eldest living sister, Mrs. Virginia Frazier, 304 Ridge street, Steelton, Pennsylvania, which is a lovely suburb of Harrisburg, that we would arrive at Harrisburg at 12:40 Sunday noon; if that would be in time for the funeral, wire at once, and in a very short time we received an answer back that the funeral services would be held at 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon and at 5:30 o'clock Saturday evening. We departed on our sad mission on the Pennsylvania Limited, which is one of the finest and fastest trains running on the Pennsylvania Railroad between this city and New York City, and the train rushed over the country at a fearful speed until it was within a few miles of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; then something happened to it and when it finally pulled into the Union Station in that city it was one hour and a half late. A new crew was in charge of the train from that city to Harrisburg, and when the conductor passed through the Pullman car in which we were sitting he asked him if he thought he would

be able to make up any of the lost time and he stated that he would make up at least 30 to 40 minutes of it. That set our mind at rest for a few moments, but the train failed to make up one minute of its lost time and for the first time in six months it arrived at Harrisburg one hour and thirty minutes late.

Mr. J. R. Garnett, who is united in marriage to one of our nieces, Miss Pearl Frazier, was at the station to meet us, and in company with him we rushed right from the train to the First Baptist church of Steelton and we silently walked into the church at 2:30 o'clock, just as the funeral services began, and room was made for us by the side of our sister, Mrs. Frazier. The church was filled to overflowing with people who knew our mother the best in this life. It was the first time in our life that we could fully realize the true meaning of the word "death."

Rev. O. P. Goodwin, the pastor of the church, who was assisted by Rev. Warren Brown, in his opening remarks stated she departed this life fully grounded in the Christian faith, Wednesday evening, April 25th, at 11:20 o'clock, and that she had been a member of the Baptist church for more than seventy-one years; that she was a devoted member of the First Baptist church of Steelton for more than twenty-seven years; that she was the oldest citizen residing in that part of the country; that she was highly respected and held in the highest esteem by all citizens, both White and Colored; that she was always cheerful and at all times looked on the sunny side of life; that in many ways she was a most remarkable woman; that it was always a pleasure for him to call on her and listen to her conversation; that long before the civil war, while she was still residing in the house of bondage down in Virginia, she not only had charge of her own slave children, but all the other slave children on the plantation were under her care, including her master's children; that her word was the law for all of them; that the first forty years of her life were contributed to the institution of slavery, which were her best, without receiving one dollar for her labor; that each and every member of the Taylor and the Frazier family seemed to always be deeply or devotedly attached to each other; that on his last visit to her bedside she requested him to see to it that "Rock of Ages," which was her fa-

vorite hymn, was sung over her remains, and after imparting many more words of consolation to the surviving members of the family and to the sorrowing friends, the choir softly and slowly sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee."

The members of Galilean Fishermen Lodge, No. 78, in which mother was an honored member for many years, at that point, conducted the remainder of the services in the church and at Midland Cemetery and Mrs. Lollie O. Brown read the resolution lamenting her death. Her earthly remains were laid by the side of other members of the family. They were incased in a black broadcloth casket with heavy silver trimmings. Many White citizens, including men, women and little children attended the last sad rites over her remains. The pallbearers were: Mr. George Sewell, Mr. George Thornton, Mr. James Miller, Mr. Randolph James, Mr. Lewis Powell and Mr. Abraham Lincoln. The many beautiful floral offerings were contributed by the following persons or societies: Sympathy First Baptist Church missionary sisters; sympathy Mrs. Luckett and sister and the Misses Baileys; sympathy Mrs. Wixon and sister and Mrs. Priscilla Walker; sympathy Mrs. Sarah Mentin and family; sympathy Mrs. Susan Lee and family; sympathy grandchildren, Mrs. Marie E. Ball, Miss Amanda Frazier, Mrs. Pearl Garnett and Miss Garnetta Frazier; sympathy her two daughters, Mrs. Virginia Frazier and Mrs. Amanda Mimm; friends sympathy Mrs. Grimes and Mrs. Campbell; sheaf of wheat, Galilean Fishermen Lodge No. 78; sheaf of wheat, Mrs. Mary Carr. Walter G. Hooper, the leading Afro-American funeral director of Harrisburg, was in active charge of the funeral arrangement.

Not so many years after our marriage, and while on a tour through the east with Mrs. Taylor, she bought a black satin dress pattern for mother and she was requested to have it made up to suit her at our expense and every time that we would visit home for the past 27 years we would have to remain over Sunday so that we could behold her dressed up in her satin dress, and on our last visit home several years ago she informed us in the presence of the other members of the family that "she was not figuring on passing away right there and then but that when her days were ended here on this earth she wanted to be buried in her black satin dress," and her wishes were carried out to the letter in that respect, for after she had fallen into her last long sleep, Mrs. Pearl Garnett and Miss Garnetta Frazier transformed it into a shroud which was neatly trimmed with broad cream-colored lace and when we beheld her for the last time with the badge of the Fishermen's Lodge pinned onto the waist, she looked ever so lovely and just as natural as though she was simply sleeping and dreaming very pleasant dreams. Her hair was beautifully dressed and despite her advanced age it was still black on each side of her head and in the back. Her face was full and very pleasing to behold, for at the time of her death she weighed more than two hundred pounds. About ten days before she silently closed her eyes in death, she was visited with a very severe paralytic stroke, causing her to fall while standing up in the center of her room before anyone could assist her, and in falling she broke her right

limb. Those two sudden shocks were the direct cause of her passing away. Being born on the 26th day of August, 1824, she was 92 years seven months and 29 days old at the time of her death.

Right up to almost her last days she could run her sewing machine and was able to thread her own needle and she spent most of her time making fancy quilts for those who were near and dear to her.

In her most modest way she always contended that the best and bravest fighting Anglo-Saxon blood of Virginia flowed through the veins of the Taylor family. She was the mother of fourteen children and she lived to bury them all except three. Those who survive her are Mrs. Virginia Frazier, Mrs. Amanda Mimm and Julius F. Taylor. Four of her grandchildren are still living. They are: Mrs. Marie Ball, Mrs. Pearl Garnett, Miss Amanda Frazier and Gilbert Frazier. She also has two great grandchildren, namely: Miss Garnetta Frazier and little Miss Garnett Frazier Smith, who is just four years old and she is very smart and bright.

The twenty-first anniversary edition of The Broad Ax, September 9th, 1916, contains a complete and extended story of her transition from slavery to freedom.

In conclusion we firmly believe and will always believe so until the end of time that she was one of the many billions of human beings who have, in the past, swarmed upon the face of the

earth, who were able to walk with a steady stride to the river of the dead, conscious of a work well done, conscious of a victory won, to whose name no stain will cling in the presence of the King.

**GALILEAN FISHERMEN LODGE No. 78 ADOPTED THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS LAMENTING THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY ANN TAYLOR DIXON.**

Steelton, Pa., April 29, 1917.  
Officers and members of Galilean Fishermen No. 78 beg leave to submit the following resolutions:

Whereas, The Great Ruler of the universe has in his infinite wisdom removed from our midst our worthy and esteemed sister, Mrs. Mary Dixon; and,

Whereas, The intimate relation held during a long and useful life by her with the members of this lodge makes it fitting that we record our appreciation of her; therefore,

Resolved, That the wisdom and ability which she has exercised in aid of our lodge work, by counsel, service and funds, will be held in grateful remembrance;

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a woman from our lodge, in which she has held a leading position for more than twenty years, leaves a vacancy and shadow that will be deeply realized by all members of this lodge and its friends, and will prove a grievous loss to this lodge and community;

Resolved, That with deep sympathy with the afflicted relatives and friends of the deceased we express an earnest hope that even so great a bereavement may be overruled for their highest good. That recognizing the divine will, they may say, "Our loss is her gain." That they may look forward to the happy reunion, after the trials and turmoils of life are over.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family.

Wm. Frey,  
R. W. Ruler.  
Lollie V. Brown,  
R. W. Scribe.

### DEATH OF MARY ANN TAYLOR DIXON.

Mary Ann Gale Taylor, 93 years old, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Jennie Frazier, 304 Ridge street, Steelton, Wednesday. She was born in Shenandoah county, Virginia, August 26, 1824. Mrs. Taylor was the mother of fourteen children, three of whom survive: Mrs. Jennie Frazier, of Steelton; Mrs. Amanda Mimm, Columbus, Ohio, and Julius F. Taylor, of Chicago. —The Patriot, Harrisburg, Pa., Thursday, April 26, 1917.

Hon. Vance McCormick, the present chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is the owner of the above mentioned paper, and we wish to thank him for the information conveyed to its many readers in relation to the death of our aged mother.—Editor.



MRS. MARY ANN GALE-TAYLOR-DIXON

The aged mother of the editor of this paper, who was laid to rest in Midland Cemetery, Harrisburg, Sunday afternoon, April 29.